
P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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Entered in Stationers Hall.



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CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY
ROBERT BURNS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL *junr.* AND W. DAVIES, LONDON;
AND WILLIAM CREECH, EDINBURGH.

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POEMS,

CHIEFLY

SCOTTISH.

THE

COTTER'S

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor.* GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected
friend !

No mercenary bard his homage pays ;

VOL. II.

A

With

With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise :

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What A***** in a Cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there,
 I ween !

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry fugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their re-
 pose :

The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,

Collects

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
 hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher
 through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an'
 glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *Wife's*
 smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his
 toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At fervice out, amang the Farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
 rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
 gown,
 Or depofite her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her Parents dear, if they in hardfhip
 be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and fifters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly fpeirs:
 The

The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
fleet ;

Each tells the uncōs that he sees or hears ;
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaißt as weel's the
new ;

The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's an' their Mistress's command,

The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,

An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
' An' O ! be sure to fear the LORD alway !

' An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an'
' night !

' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his counsel and assisting might :
 ' They never fought in vain that fought the
 ' LORD aright.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the fame,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his
 name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild,
 worthless Rake.

VIII.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's
 eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye.
 The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel be-
 have ;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth fae bashfu' an' fae
 grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected
 like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! blifs beyond compare !

I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure
 ' spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 ' In others arms breathe out the tender
 ' tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 ' ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, fly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd ?

Is

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their
Child ?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple
board,
The healsome *Parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's*
food :
The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
cood :
The Dame brings forth in complimentary
mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-
buck, fell,

An'

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' Lint was
 i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And '*Let us worship God!*' he says, with so-
 lemn air.

XIII.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim :

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name ;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *Friend of God* on high ;
Or,

Or, *Moses* bad eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
 ire ;
 Or, *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was
 shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heav'n the second
 name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay his
 head :
 How His first followers and servants sped ;

The

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd
by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL
KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*,
prays:

Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant
wing*,

That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,

Together

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eter-
 nal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this how poor Religion's
 pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd the language of the
 Soul ;
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor en-
 roll.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest :
 The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would in the way His Wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine*
 preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd
 abroad :

Princes

Princes and Lords are but the breath of kings,
 ' An honest man's the noblest work of God :'
 And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

○ *Scotia* ! my dear, my native foil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is
 sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content !
 And, O ! may Heav'n, their simple lives pre-
 vent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !

Then

Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted
 heart ;
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert ;
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her Ornament and
 Guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wand'ed forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spy'd a mán, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou !

Began the rev'rend Sage ;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

B 2

And

And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate Follies take the sway ;
Licentious Passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.

But

But see him on the edge of life,
• With cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !

More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame !
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor Petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By Nature's law design'd,

Why.

Why was an independent with
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!

Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The Great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !

A

P R A Y E R,

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause

Of all my hope and fear !

In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,

Perhaps I must appear !

II.

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* slept aside,

Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

ON THE

S A M E O C C A S I O N .

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene !

Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?

Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween :

Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing
storms :

Is

Is it departing pangs my foul alarms ?

Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;

I tremble to approach an angry God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence !'

Fain promise never more to disobey ;

But, should my Author health again dispense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;

Again in Folly's path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;

Then how should I for Heav'nly Mercy pray,

Who act so counter Heav'nly Mercy's
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to tempta-
tion ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,

Thy

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong, furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

Lying

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night,
the Author left the following Verses in the
room where he slept :—*

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above !
I know Thou wilt me hear :
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare ;
To blefs his little filial flock,
And fhow what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O blefs her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;

Blefs

Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n !

Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's will.

THE

FIRST PSALM.

Thou know'st the frames on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

IV.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of Scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art.
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !

Thy creature here before Thee stands;
All wretched and distressed;
Yet true those ills that wring my soul
THE
Obey Thy high behest.

FIRST SIX VERSES

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not see
I am cruelly or wretched;
OF THE
O, free my weary eyes from tears,

NINETIETH PSALM.

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;

~~When man is sick and lowly lies~~

To bear and not repine!

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right-hand has ever been.
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at Thy command;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
' Return ye into nought !'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in
April 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,

Thou's met me in an evil hour ;

For I maun crush amang the stoure

Thy slender stem.

To spare thee now is past my pow'r,

Thou bonnie gem.

Alas!

Alas ! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the hiftie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There,

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise ;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow' ret* of the rural shade !
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er !

Such

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO
R U I N

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain,
A fullen welcome, all!

With

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest* tye,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
 No more I shrink appal'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Re-sign Life's *joyless* day ;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ;

No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace !

M I S S I M

Jan. 1. 1787

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
To their annual round have driv'n
And you, the flower in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heaven

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail :

TO

M I S S L—.

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-year's
Gift. Jan. 1. 1787.*

AGAIN the filent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;

I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

VOL. II.

D

EPISTLE

I send you more than India boasts
In Adam's simple tale.

EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May — 1786.

I

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento*;

But

But how the subject-theme may gang,

Let time and chance determine;

Perhaps, it may turn out a Sang;

Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,

And *Andrew* dear, believe me,

Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,

And muckle they may grieve ye :

For care and trouble set your thought,

Ev'n when your end's attained ;

And a' your views may come to nought,

Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

Ill no say, men are villains a' ;

The real, harden'd wicked,

Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we would na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;

But still keep something to yoursel

Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can

Frae critical dissection ;

But keek thro' ev'ry other man,

Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,

Luxuriantly indulge it ;

But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,

Tho' naething should divulge it :

I wave the quantum of the sin,

The hazard of concealing ;

But Och ! it hardens a' within,

And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,

Affiduous wait upon her ;

And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by Honor !
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 It's flightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' fide pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must fure become the *creature* ;

But

But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
A Conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting !

May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, God send you speed,
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reck the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' Adviser.

XIV

When ranging round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she give a truce to sin,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're temp'ring,
 A Conscience does a canker—
 No correspondence the will, Heavy-laden,
 Is sure a noble anchor.

XV

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth,
 Your heart can never be wanting to him
 May

S C O T C H B A R D.

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by lowps o' drink,

A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,

A' ye wha live and never think,

Come mourn wi' me !

Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,

An' owre the Sea.

Lament

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore,
 Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,

In social key ;
 For now he's taen anither shore,

An' owre the Sea !

The bonnie lassies weel may wifs him,
 And in their dear *petitions* place him :
 The widows, wives, an' a' may blefs him,

Wi' tearfu' e'e ;

For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him

That's owre the Sea !

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowfy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,

'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,

That's owre the Sea !

Auld,

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear;
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :

He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea !

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be !

So, took a birth afore the most,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree ;

So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

He

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
 Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding*;
 He dealt it free :

The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 An' hap him in a cozie biel:
 Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
 And fou o' glee :

He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
 That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie*!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie !
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
 Tho' owre the Sea !

TO A

H A G G I S.

FAIR fa' your honest, fonie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill

In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready flight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright

Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious fight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytès belyve

Are bent like drums ;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
 Or *olio* that wad flaw a fow,
 Or *fricassée* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,
 His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
 His nieve a nit;
 Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
 O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, *baggis-fed*,
 The trembling earth resounds his tread,
 Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
 He'll mak it whisle;
 An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will fied,
 Like taps o' thrifls.

Ye

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
 And dish them out their bill o' fare,
 Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
 That jaups in luggies ;
 But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
 Gie her a *Haggis* !

D E D I C A T I O N.

TO

G***H*****Esq.**

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,

VOL. II.

E

Because

Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
 Perhaps related to the race ;
 Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are *ye*,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, ~~finfu'~~ lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou ;
 For me ! fae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough* ;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg* ;
 Sae I shall fay, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 Its just *sic Poet*, an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What aince he says he winna break it;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, finfu', corrupt Nature:

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks;
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That's he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth, and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that tak's the *door* ;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone :

Ply

Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile
graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-l-v-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath ;
When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets till Heav'n commiſſion gies him :

While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;
 But when Divinity comes cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever——
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say :

For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
' May K*****'s far-honoured name
' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
' Till H*****s, at least a dizen,
' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
' Five bonnie Lasses round their table,
' And seven braw Fellows, stout an' able,
' To serve their King and Country weel,
' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;

' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor !
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !

While

While recollection's pow'r is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognize my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand,—my *Friend and Bro-*
ther!

TO A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie !

Your impudence protects you fairly :

I canna say but ye strunt rarely,

Owre gauze and lace ;

Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely

On sic a place.

Ye

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by faunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady !
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare *born* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' fight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight ;
Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's* bonnet.

My

My sooth ! right bauld ye fet your nose out,
 As plump and gray as onie grozet ;
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
 Or fell, red smeddum,
 I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
 Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
 You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyliecoat ;
 But Miss's fine *Lunardi* ! fie,
 How daur ye do't !

O, *Jenny*, dinna tofs your head,
 An' fet your beauties a' abroad !
 Ye little ken what cursed speed
 The blastie's makin !
 Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
 Are notice takin !

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

ADDRESS

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

EDINA ! *Scotia's* darling feat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !

From

From marking wildly-scatt' red flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And fing'ring, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendor rise ;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the Stranger hail ;
 Their

Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale;
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim :
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 . Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude Fortrefs gleams afar ;

Like

Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim, rising o'er the rugged rock ;
 Have oft withstood assailing War ;
 And oft repell'd the Invader's shock ;

VII.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal Name low in the dust !
 Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,

VOL. II.

E

Thro'

Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody Lion bore :
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, my *Sires* have left their fied,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

E P I S T L E

On Taster-ee we had a rockin,

To ca, the crack and weave our flockin,

TO

And there was muckle for an joinin,

Ye need na doubt,

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1. 1785.

W H I L E briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Pouffie whiddin seen,

Inspire my Muse,

F 2

This

This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
And there was muckle fun an jokin,
Ye need na doubt ;
At length we had a hearty yokin

At *sang* about.

There was ae *sang*, among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest

To some sweet wife :

It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,

' Or

‘ Or Beattie’s wark!’

They tald me ’twas an odd kind chiel

About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear’t,

And fae about him there I spier’t,

Then a’ that ken’t him round declar’d,

He had *ingine*,

That nane excell’d it, few cam near’t,

It was fae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,

An’ either douce or merry tale,

Or rhymes an’ fangs he’d made himsel,

Or witty catches,

’Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,

He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an’ swoor an aith,

Tho’ I should pawn my pleugh and graith,

Or die a cadger pownie's death,

At some dyke-back,

A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,

To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,

Amaist as soon as I could spell,

I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,

Tho' rude an' rough,

Yet crooning to a body's sel,

Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sence,

But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,

An' hae to Learning nae pretence,

Yet, what the matter?

Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,

I jingle at her.

Your

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, ' How can you e'er propose,
' You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
' To mak a *sang*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' fools ;
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What fairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hafhes,
Confuse their brains in College claffes !
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Affes,
Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
 Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld and flee,
 Or bright *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be *lear* enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'll no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends and folks that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair ;
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline Race*, or *Mauchline Fair*,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We'fe gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To chear our heart ;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

Awa ye selfish warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
 Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
 To *catch-the-plack!*
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
 Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 ' Each aid the others,'
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle ;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,

Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whisle,
Your friend and servant.

TO

TO THE SAME.

April 21. 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L*****k,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours bite,
My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,
I wou'd na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's faft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, ' Ye ken, we've been fae bufy,
' This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
' An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad !
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
' This vera night ;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
' But rhyme it right.
' Shall

‘ Shall bauld L*****k, the king o’ hearts,
‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
‘ Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
‘ In terms sae friendly,
‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts,
‘ An’ thank him kindly !”

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An’ down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, ‘ Before I sleep a wink,
‘ I vow I’ll close it ;
‘ An’ if ye winna mak it clink,
‘ By Jove I’ll prose it !”

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,

Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;

Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*

Wi' gleesome touch!

Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;

She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,

Sin I could striddle owre a rig;

But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg

Wi' lyart pow,

I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,

As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,

I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,

Still persecuted by the limmer

Frae year to year;

But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,

I, Rob, am here.

Do

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A *Bailie's* name ?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffl'd fark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks ?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
' Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
' Thro' Scotland wide ;
' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
' In a' their pride !'

Were

Were this the *charter* of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
'Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
'An none but *he* !

O Mandate glorious and divine !
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless neivefu' of a soul
May in some *future carcase* howl,
The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L****** and *B****** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year !

(99)

TO

W. S*****N, Ochiltree.

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be filly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

G 2

But

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
I fud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, fidelins sklented

On my poor Musie ;
'Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my deed,

(O fad difease !)

I kittle up my *rustic reed*;

It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,

But tune their lays,

Till echoes a' refound again

Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To fet her name in measur'd stile ;
She lay like some unkend-of ills

Befide *New-Holland*,

Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil

Befouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Tarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Naebody fings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
But, *Willie*, fet you fit to mine,
An' cock your creft,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll fing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft-bure the gree, as story tel
Frae Southron billies.

At *Wallace's* name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By *Wallace's* side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
 Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
 Are hoary gray;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature* ! a' thy shew an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to fray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature*'s face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.
Fareweel,

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither !'

We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :

Now let us lay our heads thegither,

In love fraternal :

May *Envy* wallop in a tether,

Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;

While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;

While Terra Firma, on her axis,

Diurnal turns,

Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,

In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no worth a preen ;

I had amaist forgotten clean,

Ye

Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Mair like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new one.

This

* See note, p. 91.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieles gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang ;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' fight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *berds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd :
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.
Frae

Frae lefs to mair it gaed to sticks ;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
 An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
 Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe,
 Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
 An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae

Nae doubt the *auld-light* *flocks* are bleatin ;
Their zealous *berds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;
Myfel, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *Moon* sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns !
Some *auld-light* *berds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca *balloons*,
 To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*
 An' see them right.

Guid obsevation they will gie them ;
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost *staird*, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch !

Sae,

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter';
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic bru

EPISTLE

((III))

E P I S T L E

T O

J. R * * * * *

Inclosing some Poems.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams** an' tricks
Will fend you, Korah-like, a-finkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.
Ye

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou ;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' feen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black* ;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
Its just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen
Like you or I.

I've

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair ;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,

I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,

An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' fair'd the King,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Patrick* to the grun',

A bonnie hen,

VOL. II.

H

And,

* A *song* he had promised the Author.

And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken,

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
I strakit it a wee for sport ;
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;

But, Deil-ma-care !

Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*,
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;

I scorn'd to lie ;

So gat the whistle o' my groat,

An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,

An'

An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear !
The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
For this, nieft year.

As foon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea :
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers ;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers !

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

JOHN

JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

B A L L A D.

THERE was three kings into the east,

Three kings both great and high,

An' they hae fworn a folemn oath

John Barleycorn should die.

H 3

II.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name:

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry furs of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,

His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
H 4 Then

Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full fore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,

And

And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tofs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wafte'd, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprife,

For

For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

FRAGMENT.

Tune, CILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man.

Ae night, at tea, began a plea,

Within *America*, man :

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,

And in the sea did jaw, man ;

An' did nae lefs, in full Congress,

Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na flaw, man ;
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin
 Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;

But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man,

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thrav, man :

For

For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,

Till

Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race

Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,

On *Chatbam's Boy* did ca', man ;

An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,

' Up, Willie, waur them a' man !'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,

A secret word or twa, man ;

While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class

Be-north the Roman wa', man :

An' *Chatbam's* wraith, in heavenly graith,

(Inspired Bardies saw, man)

Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise !

' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rtb, F-x and Co*,

Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till

Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claife

Behind him in a raw, man :

An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,

An' did her whittle draw, man :

An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood

To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

SONG

S O N G.

• Tune, *Corn rigs are bonnie.*

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !
She

She ay shall blefs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleasures e'er I faw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune,—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

I.

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleafant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at
night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring Hern the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the Cuckoo roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;

The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :

Not

Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs

Not Autumn to the Farmer,

So dear can be as thou to me,

My fair, my lovely Charmer !

I 4

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*My Nanie, O.*

I

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry fun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill ;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :

May ill befa' the flattering tongue

That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;

The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,

Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,

An' few there be that ken me, O ;

But

But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

VIII.

ome weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
e ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN

GREEN GROW THE RASHE

FRAGMENT.

C H O R U S.

*Green grow the rasches, O ;
Green grow the rasches, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &

II.

Warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

III.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O ;
Warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

Green grow, &c.

IV.

you fae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :

The

The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, &

* * * * *

VI.

SONG

S O N G,

Tune,—*Jockey's Grey Brecks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues,

Her leafy locks wave in the breeze

All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S *.

*And maun I still on Menie † doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

*In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.*

And maun I still, &c.

III.

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,

Wi' joy the tentie Seedfman stalks,

But life to me's a weary dream,

A dream of aye that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,

Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,

The stately swan majestic swims,

And every thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daify's fide,
And mounts and fings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still on Menie doat,

And bear the scorn that's in ber e'e!

For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,

An' it winna let a body be.

K 2

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Roslin Castle.*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The Hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila*'s hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of *Ayr*!

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Gilderoy.*

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore :
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee :

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,

The maid that I adore !

A boding voice is in mine ear,

We part to meet no more !

But the last throb that leaves my heart,

While death stands victor by,

That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,

And thine that latest sigh !

THE

F A R E W E L L.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

Tune,—*Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the *mystic* *tye*!

Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho'

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's flidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *Sons of light* :
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa' !

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Design*,

Beneath

Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious *Archite&t* Divine !
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *You* farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that *highe&t badge* to wear !
 Heav'n ble&s your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, *the Bard that's far awa'*.

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune,—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the ta-*
vern let's fly, &c.

I.

No Churchman am I for to rail and to
write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my
care.

IV

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are
here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and
care.

V

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his
horse ;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his
purse ;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the
air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 'That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
 But the purfy old landlord just waddled up
 stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

' Life's cares they are comforts*'—a maxim
 laid down

By

* Young's Night Thoughts.

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown ;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of th' Compass and
Square

Have a big-belly'd bottle when harafs'd with
care.

WRITTEN

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore

the black gown;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;

WRITTEN

IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

And honours malonic prepare for to throw;

May every true Companion and

ON NITHSIDE.

Squarce's journey a beloved saw soon I

Have a big-belly'd bodie when hars' d' with

chance and mischief the first out sad

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in ruffet weed,
 Be thou deckt in filken stole,
 Grave these counfels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her firen air
 May delude the thoughtless pair;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait:

Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While chearful Peace, with lianet long,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
 And teach the sportive youngers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and found.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,

The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies :
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till Future Life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side

guide !
 D WELTER in you dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation, mark !
 Who in widow weeds appears,
 Laden with unnumbered years,

O D E,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Mrs OF

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,

Hangman of creation, mark !

Who in widow weeds appears,

Laden with unhonoured years,

Noosing

((3165))

Noosing with care a bursting purse,

Baited with many a deadly curse?

ANTISTROPHE.

(A while forbear, **STROPHE.** friends.)

View the wither'd beldam's face—

Can thy keen inspection trace

Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?

Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,

Pity's flood there never rose.

See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,

Hands that took—but never gave.

Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,

Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest

She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

L 3 **ANTISTROPHE.**

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
 (A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
 Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither
 bends?
 No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
 'Tis thy trusty *quondam* Mate,
 Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,

While

While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience
clear
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

L 4

ELEGY

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !

The meekle devil w^t a woodie

E L E G Y

ON

CAPT. M—— H——,

A Gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God !

*But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly Light !*

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woodie

Haur!

Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,

O'er hurcheon hides,

And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie

Wi' thy auld fides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn

By wood and wild,

Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,

Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!

Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,

Where Echo slumbers!

Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,

My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!

Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!

Ye

Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn,

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crop the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring pairick brood ;
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, footy coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring crails at close o' day,
Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glows,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
Till waukrife morn !

O, rivers, forrests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :

Thou

Thou, Summer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,

Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost !

Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,

My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O,

O, H*****! the man! the brother!
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound!

Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger! my story's brief,
 And truth I shall relate, man;
 I tell nae common tale o' grief.
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That paffest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man!

If

If thou art staunch without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man;
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
 For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun and fire,
 And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
 This was thy billie, dam, and firr,
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot,
 For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT

L A M E N T

O F

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

O N T H E

APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green

On every blooming tree,

And spreads her sheets o' daifies white

Out o'er the grassy lea :

VOL. II.

M

Now

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies ;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis mild wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae ;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the flae :
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;

But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,

Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,

Where happy I hae been ;

Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,

As blythe lay down at e'en :

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,

And mony a traitor there ;

Yet here I lie in foreign bands,

And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,

My sifter and my fae,

Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword

That thro' thy soul shall gae :

The weeping blood in woman's breast

Was never known to thee ;

Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe

Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine :
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

(181)

TO

R***** G***** OF F***** , Esq.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg ;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest) ;
Will generous G***** list to his Poet's wail ?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkning to her
tale),

M 3

And

And hear him curse the light he first survey'd
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the
ground :

Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his
cell.—

Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour.
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure ;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their
drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are
snug.

Ev'n

Ev'n filly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and
darts.

But Oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the
Bard !

A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ;
No claws to dig, his hated fight to shun ;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side :
Vampyre bookfellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockhead's daring into madness stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must
 wear :

Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.

Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once in-
 spir'd,

Low-funk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Cri-
 tic's rage !

So,

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed de-
ceas'd.

For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast ;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
Conscious the bounteous meed they well de-
serve,
They only wonder " some folks " do not starve.
The grave sage hen thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With

With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's
care."

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck
brain ;
In equanimity they never dwell,
But turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
O ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
F***** , my other stay, long blest and spare !
Thro'

Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown ;
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path ;
 Give energy to life ; and soothe his latest
 breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of
 death !

LAMENT

(188)

L A M E N T

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely taen.

He

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with
years ;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful fang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes along.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
" The reliques of the vernal quire !
" Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
" The honours of the aged year !
" A few short months, and glad and gay,
" Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;
" But nocht in all revolving time
" Can gladness bring again to me.

" I

“ I am a bending aged tree,

“ That long has stood the wind and rain ;

“ But now has come a cruel blast,

“ And my last hold of earth is gane :

“ Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,

“ Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;

“ But I maun lie before the storm,

“ And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I’ve seen fae mony changefu’ years,

“ On earth I am a stranger grown ;

“ I wander in the ways of men,

“ Alike unknowing and unknown :

“ Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,

“ I bear alane my lade o’ care,

“ For filent, low, on beds of dust,

“ Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

“ And

" And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)

" My noble master lies in clay ;

" The flow'r amang our barons bold,

" His country's pride, his country's stay :

" In weary being now I pine,

" For a' the life of life is dead,

" And hope has left my aged ken,

" On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !

" The voice of woe and wild despair !

" Awake, resound thy latest lay,

" Then sleep in silence evermair !

" And thou, my last, best, only friend,

" That fillest an untimely tomb,

" Accept this tribute from the Bard

" Thou brought from fortune's mirkest

" gloom.

" In

“ In Poverty’s low barren vale,
“ Thick mists, obscure, involv’d me round;
“ Though oft I turn’d the wistful eye,
“ Nae ray of fame was to be found :
“ Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
“ That melts the fogs in limpid air,
“ The friendless Bard and rustic song,
“ Became alike thy fostering care.

“ O ! why has worth so short a date ?
“ While villains ripen grey with time !
“ Must thou, the noble, gen’rous, great,
“ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !
“ Why did I live to see that day ?
“ A day to me so full of woe ?
“ O ! had I met the mortal shaft
“ Which laid my benefactor low !

“ The

" The bridegroom may forget the bride,
" Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
" The monarch may forget the crown
" That on his head an hour has been ;
" The mother may forget the child
" That smiles fae sweetly on her knee ;
" But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
" And a' that thou hast done for me !"

L I N E S,

Sent to Sir JOHN WHITEFORD of WHITEFORD,
Baronet, with the foregoing Poem.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *Friend* thou valued'st, I, the *Patron*, lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

TAM

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit boufing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

N 2

We

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, flaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare fits our fulky fullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nurfing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasse,
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O *Tam* ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had filler ;

That

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the L—d's houe, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counfels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming fwats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The Souter tauld his queereft stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man fae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;

Or

Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white——then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he tacks the road in,
 As ne'er poor finner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
 A better neyer lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—

Before

Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll :
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud refounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The fwats fae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood right fair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco fight !

Warlocks

Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels,
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;

Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stak to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her fark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens,
 Their

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomaich.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlified in the core,
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),

Her

Her cutty fark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' forely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That fark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang),
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and sidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And

And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-fark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion fallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open puffie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! Ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now,

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * of the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle——
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail :
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now,

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-farks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP
BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST
SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant
plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted
rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head,

The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait

The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,

I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,

And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
hapless fate.

ADDRESS

A D D R E S S,

To the SHADE of THOMSON, on crowning
his BUST, at *Ednam, Roxburghshire*, with
BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the fod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

EPITAPHS,

EPI TAPH S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter **** in Death does sleep ;
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lies Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took fuch a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie !
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and at-
tend !
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

The

The pitying heart that felt for human Woe ;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
Pride ;
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
“ For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
“ fide *.”

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

O 4

FOR

* Goldsmith.

FOR G. H. Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here *G——n* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *fav'd* or *d——d*!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And owre this graffy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave ;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And *softer flame*
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader,

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit ;
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
 Is Wisdom's root.

ON THE

Late Captain GROSE's PERIGRINATIONS thro'
SCOTLAND, collecting the ANTIQUITIES of
that KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats ;—

If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it :

A chield's amang you, taking notes,

And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,

O'

O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow ! he has an unco flight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin *,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's ! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipfy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches ;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

It's tauld he was a fodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the——*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets :
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets*,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude ;
And parritch-pats, and auld faut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender ;
That

* Vide his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.

That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's afs ;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg ;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him ;
And *port*, *O port* ! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him !

Now,

Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose !

Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose !—

Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,

They fair misca' thee ;

I'd take the rascal by the nose,

Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

TO
MISS C*****, *a very young Lady.*

Written on the blank leaf of a Book, presented
to her by the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely Flow'r,
Chilly shrink in fleety show'r !
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights !

Never

Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem;
 Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to Parent Earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth,

S O N G.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.

On reading, in a NEWSPAPER, the DEATH
of J—— M'L——, Esq. BROTHER to a
YOUNG LADY, a particular FRIEND of the
AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Ifabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn

The sun propitious smil'd ;

But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds

Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords .

That Nature finest strung :

So Isabella's heart was form'd,

And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,

Can heal the wound He gave ;

Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes

To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,

And fear no withering blast ;

There Isabella's spotless worth

Shall happy be at last.

THE
HUMBLE PETITION

OF

B R U A R W A T E R *

TO THE

NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear

Woe ne'er affails in vain ;

Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear

Your humble slave complain,

P 3

How

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

How faucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a Bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me ;

But,

But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,

In twisting strength I rin;

There, high my boiling torrent smokes,

Wild-roaring o'er a linn:

Enjoying large each spring and well

As Nature gave them me,

I am, altho' I say't mysel,

Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please

To grant my highest wishes;

He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,

And bonnie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,

You'll wander on my banks,

And listen mony a grateful bird

Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow :

This too, a covert shall ensue,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs ;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
From prone-descending show'rs.

And

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care :
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed :
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, Old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band
 Spring, like their father's, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !
 So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be——“ Athole's honest men,
 “ And Athole's bonnie lasses !”

On scaring some WATER-FOWL in LOCH-
TURIT, a wild scene among the HILLS of
OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my prefence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;

Or,

Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the furling billow's flock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But, Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane——
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

Written

Written with a PENCIL over the CHIMNEY-
PIECE, in the PARLOUR of the INN at KEN-
MORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-funk glen di-
vides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample
fides ;

Th'

Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the
hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side ;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native
taste ;

The hillöcks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell :
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods ;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling
floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught
lyre,

And look through Nature with creative fire ;

Here,

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander
 wild ;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward
 stretch her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

Written

Written with a PENCIL, standing by the FALL
of FYERS near LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream
refounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet de-
scends,

And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
 show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs,
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still, below, the horrid caldron boils—

* * * * *

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
 Till still he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream
 resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 No one down the rock the whitening sheet de-
 scends,
 And viewless Echo's ear astonished, rends.

On the BIRTH of a POSTHUMOUS CHILD,
born in peculiar Circumstances of FAMILY-
DISTRESS.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirkles o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the fhelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blow,
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various founds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn :
 Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land.

WHISTLE.

BALLAD.

As the authentic *Prose* history of the WHISTLE is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little

Q 3

ebony

ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, “And
“blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.”

Sir

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq; of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Fergusson, Esq; of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,

Q 4

Was

Was brought to the court of our good Scottish
king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall
ring.

Old Loda *, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his
hall—

“ This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland
“ get o’er,
“ And drink them to hell, Sir ! or ne’er see
“ me more !”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions
fell ;

The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Till

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the
Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in
war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the
sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has
gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his
blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear
of flaw ;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and
law ;

And

And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old
coins ;

And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old
wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth
as oil,

Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the
clan,

And once more, in claret, try which was the
man.

“ By the gods of the ancients !” Glenriddel
replies,

“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,

“ I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie

“ More*,

“ And bumper his horn with him twenty times

“ o'er,”

Sir

* See Johnson's tour to the Hebrides.

Sir Robert, a foldier, no speech would pre-
tend,

But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or
his friend,

Said, tofs down the Whistle, the prize of the
field,

And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd
yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes re-
pair,

So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;

But for wine and for welcome not more known
to fame,

Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet love-
ly dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,

And tell future ages the feats of the day ;

A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had
 been.

The dinner being over, the claret they
 ply,
 And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of
 joy ;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred fo
 fet,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more
 they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
 Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a
 core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite
 forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next
 morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the
night,

When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the
fight,

Turn'd o'er in one—bumper a bottle of
red,

And swore 'twas the way that their ances-
tor did,

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and
fage,

No longer the warfare, ungodly, would
wage ;

A high ruling elder to wallow in wine !

He left the foul business to folks less di-
vine.

The

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the
end ;

But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers
contend ?

Though Fate said,—a hero should perish in
light ;

So uprose bright Phoebus—and down fell the
knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in
drink :—

“ Craigdarroch, thou’lt soar when creation
“ shall sink !

“ But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in
“ rhyme,

“ Come—one bottle more—and have at the
“ sublime !

“ Thy

“ Thy line, that have struggled for freedom

“ with Bruce,

“ Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :

“ So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;

“ The field thou hast won, by yon bright god

“ of day !”

GLOSSARY.

They have brought for freedom

" with him,

Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;

So time be the hour and mine be the day ;

The golden half won by your bright god

" of day !"

And now the golden half won by your bright god

And now

And now the golden half won by your bright god

And now

And now the golden half won by your bright god

And now

And now the golden half won by your bright god

And now

And now the golden half won by your bright god

And now

G L O S S A R Y.

VOL. II.

R

R. Y.



G. I. O.

G L O S S A R Y.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A, all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Aboon, above, up

Abeigh, at a shy distance
 Abreed, in breadth
 Abread, abroad, in fight
 Ae, one
 Aft, oft

R 2

Aften,

Aften, often

Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpreme-
ditated

Afore, before

Agley, off the right line,
wrong

Aiblins, perhaps

Aits, oats

Airn, iron

Aith, an oath

Ain, own

Aiver, an old horse

Aizle, a hot cinder

Alake, alas

Alane, alone

Amang, among

Amaist, almost

An', and, if

Ane, one, an

Ance, once

Anither, another

Artfu', artful

Ase, ashes

Asteer, abroad, stirring

Auld, old

Auld farran, or auld far-
rant, sagacious, cunning,
prudentAught, eight, possession, as
in a' my aught, in all my
possession

Ava', at all

Awa', away

Awn, the beard of barley,
oats, &c.

Awnie, bearded

Awnu', awful

Akward, aukward

Ayont, beyond

B,

B A', ball
Bawf'nt, having a
white stripe down the
face

Barket, barked

Barkin, barking

Baith, both,

Bane bone

Bainie, having large bones,
stoutBardie, *diminutive* of bardBauld, bold; *Baldly*, bold-
ly

Barefit, barefooted

Barch, a crew, a gang

Batts, botts

Bade, endured, did stay

Bang, an effort

Bairn, a child

Bairntime, a family of chil-
dren, a brood

Baudrons, a cat

Barmie, of, or like barm

Bauk, a cross beam; *Bauk-*
en, the end of a beam

Bad, did bid

Baggie, the belly

Bathfu', bashful

Backlins comin, coming
back, returning

Be, *to let be*, to give over,
 to cease
 Beuk, a book
 Behint, or behin', behind
 Be't, be it
 Ben, into the *spence* or par-
 lour
 Belyve, by and by
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Beattie, *dimin.* of beast
 Benlomond, a noted moun-
 tain in Dumbartonshire
 Belly-fu', belly-full
 Bethankit, the grace after
 meat
 Befal', to befall
 Billie, a brother, a young
 fellow
 Big, to build ; *Biggit*, build-
 ed
 Biggin, building, a house
 Bicker, a kind of wooden
 dish, a short race
 Birkie, a clever fellow
 Bing, a heap of grain, po-
 tatoes, &c.
 Bill, a bull
 Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
 Birring, the noise of par-
 tridges, &c. when they
 spring
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Bie, or bi ld, shelter
 Blaitit, blasted
 Blaitie, a shrivelled dwarf,
 a term of contempt

Blink, a little while, a smil-
 ing look ; to look kindly,
 to shine by fits
 Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirking
 Bluid, blood ; *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blathier, bladder
 Blaw, to blow, boast
 Blether, to talk idly ; non-
 sense
 Bleth'ren, talking idly
 Blaud, a flat piece of any
 thing ; to slap
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Bleezing, blazing
 Blessin, blessing
 Blusht, did blush
 Blype, a shred, a large
 piece
 Bleatin, bleating
 Blue-gown, one of those
 beggars who get annual-
 ly, on the King's birth-
 day, a blue cloak or
 gown with a badge
 Bonnie, or bonny, hand-
 some, beautiful
 Bonnilie, handsomely,
 beautifully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick
 cake of bread
 Bother, to pother
 Bodle, a small old coin
 Boortree, the shrub elder,
 planted much of old in
 hedges of barn-yards, &c.
 Boord, a board

- Botch, an angry tumor
 Boost, behoved, must needs
 Bow kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Bock, to vomit, to gush inter-
 mittently
 Bocked, gushed, vomited
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, or brawlie, very
 well, finely, heartily
 Breakin, breaking
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brinstane, brimstone
 Breeks, breeches
 Brugh, a burgh
 Brust, to burst
 Brither, a brother
 Braid, broad
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags
 Breathin, breathing
 Branks, a kind of wooden
 curb for horses
 Brig, a bridge
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Brewin, brewing
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Breef, an invulnerable or
 irresistible spell
 Brunt, did burn
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice,
 the slope of a hill
 Brachens, fern
 Broose, a race at country
 weedings, who shall first
 reach the bridegroom's
 house on returning from
 church
 Brattle, a short race, hurry,
 fury
 Braindge, to run rashly forward
 Braind'gt, reeled forward
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom
 Breastit, did spring up or
 forward
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-
 built
 Bum-clock, a humming
 beetle that flies in the
 summer evenings
 Bummin, humming as bees
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Burnewin, *i. e.* burn the
 wind, a blacksmith
 Busle, a bustle; to bustle
 But an' ben, the country
 kitchen and parlour
 Buskit, dressed
 Bumme, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of
 Virginia
 But, without
 Bure, did bear

Byre, a cow-stable
By himself, lunatic, distracted

C

CA' to call, to name, to drive
Ca't or ca'd, called, driven calved
Careffin, carressing
Cauld, cold
Cantie, or canty, chearful, merry
Caup, a wooden drinking vessel
Carline, a stout old woman
Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
Cannilie, dextrously, gently
Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow
Caller, fresh, sound
Cam, did come
Canna, cannot
Carryin, carrying
Cantharidian, made of cantharides
Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves
Cairn, a loose heap of stones
Caudron, a caldron
Cantraip, a charm, a spell
Cap-stane, cope stone, key-stone
Caïrd, a tinker

Caff, chaff
Careerin, chearfully
Cartes, cards
Cadger, a carrier
Callan, a boy
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow
Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chore*, side by side
Chuffie, fat-faced
Chantin, chanting
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
Chockin, choking
Chearfu', chearful
Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate
Chimla-lug, the fire side
Cheekit, checked
Chittering, shivering, trembling
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
Claw, to scratch
Claife or claes, cloaths
Claith, cloth, *claiting*, cloathing
Clinkin, jerking, clinking
Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation

- Clood, the hoof of a cow,
 sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the
 devil.
 Clips, sheers
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clarkit, wro e
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clatter, to tell little idle
 stories; an idle story
 Clour, a bump or swelling
 after a blow
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Collie, a general, and some-
 times a particular name
 for country curs
 Comin, coming
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a
cot-house or cottage
 Cood, the cud
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep
 under, to lop; a fright,
 a branch of furze, broom,
 &c.
 Commaun, command
 Cozie, snug; *cozily*, snugly
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble
 over; a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cove, a cave
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish,
also those fowls, whose legs
are clad with feathers, are
said to be cootie
 Coost, did cast
 Cowte, a colt
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cookit, appeared and dis-
 appeared by fits
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cowrin, cowering
 Coaxin, wheedling
 COILA, from Kyle, a dis-
 trict of Ayrshire, so cal-
 led, saith tradition, from
 Coil or Coilus, a Pictish
 monarch
 Crack, conversation; to con-
 verse
 Crackin, conversing
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crouse, chearfully, courage-
 ous
 Croussly, chearfully, courage-
 ously
 Crank, the noise of an un-
 greased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, *captious*
 Cruhin, crushing, crushit,
 crushed
 Crap, a crop, to top
 Cronie, cronie
 Crowdietime, breakfast-
 time
 Crump, hard and brittle,
spoken of bread
 Croon,

Croon, a hollow continued
moan; to make a noise
like the continued roar
of a bull, to hum a tune

Crooning, humming

Creelhie, greesy

Craft or croft, a field near a
house, *in old husbandry*

Creel, a basket; *to have one's
wit in a creel*, to be craz'd,
to be fascinated

Craw, a crow of a cock, a
rook

Crouchie, crook backed

Cranreuch, the hoar frost

Crambo-clink, or crambo-
jingle, rhymes, doggrel
verses

Crowlin, crawling

Creepin, creeping

Crood or croud, to coo as a
dove

Crunt, a blow on the head
with a cudgel

Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny

Curchie, a courtesy

Curmurring, murmuring, a
flight rumbling noise

Curling, a well known game
on ice

Curler, a player at ice

Curpin, the crupper

Cummock, a short staff with
a crooked head

Curlie, curled, whose hair
falls naturally in ring-
lets

Cushat, the dove or wood
pigeon

D

DAFT, merry, giddy,
foolish

Daffin, merrymment, foolish-
ness

Daurg, or daurk, a day's
labour

Dawd, a large piece

Daud, to thrash, to abuse

Dawtit or dawtet, fondled,
carressed

Dainty, pleasant, good hu-
moured, agreeable

Dancin, dancing

Darklins, darkling

Daur, to dare, *daur't* dared

Dappl't, dappled

Daimen, rare, now and
then; *daimen-icker*, an ear
of corn now an then

Daddie, a father

Dearies, *dimin.* of dears

Dearthfu', dear

Deil-ma-care ! no matter !
for all that !

Deave, to deafen

Devle, a stunning blow

Deleeret, delirious

Deservin, deservin

Delvin, delving

Describe, to describe

Disrespecker, disrespected

Dizzen,

Dikken, or diz'n, a dozen
 Dirl, a slight tremulous
 stroke or pain
 Ding, to worst, to push
 Dinna, do not
 Dight, to wipe to clean
 corn from chaff; cleaned
 from chaff
 Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy
 Doited, stupified, hebetated
 Dolt, stupified, crazed
 Douce or douse, sober, wise,
 prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudent-
 ly
 Dorty, saucy, nice
 Dow, am or are able, to
 can
 Downa, am or are not able,
 cannot
 Dought, was or were able
 Dolefu' doleful
 Doure, stout, durable, stub-
 born, fullen
 Dowie, worn with grief, fa-
 tigue, &c.
 Donsie, unlucky
 Dowff, pithless, wanting
 force
 Dool, sorrow; to *sing dool*,
 to lament, to mourn
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Drumbly, muddy
 Drucken, drunken
 Drouth, thirst, drought

Drinkin, drinking
 Dryin, drying
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Drift, a drove
 Drunt, pet, sour humour
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops
 at the crupper
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver
 Drummock, meal and wa-
 ter mixed raw
 Droddum, the breech
 Dub, a small pond
 Duds, rags, clothes
 Duddie, ragged
 Dung, worsted, pushed, dri-
 ven
 Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
 Dusht, pushed by a ram,
 ox, &c.

E

E'E the eye, een, the
 eyes
 Eerie, frightened, *dreading*
 spirits
 E'enin, evening
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
 Eneugh, enough
 Ensuin, ensuing

Especial,

Especial, especially
Eydent, diligent

F

FA', fall, lot ; to fall
Fae, a foe,
Faithfu', faithful
Fash, trouble, care ; to
trouble, to care for
Fash't, troubled
Fawfont, decent, seemly
Faem, foam
Earl, a cake of bread
Fairin, a fairing, a present
Fareweel, farewell
Fallow, fellow
Faut, fault
Faddom't, fathomed
Fac't, faced
Fathrals, ribbon ends, &c.
Fasteren-een, Fastens Even
Fand, did find
Fauld, a fold ; to fold
Faulding, folding
Ferlie or ferly, to wonder ;
a wonder, a term of con-
tempt
Fecht, to fight ; *fechtin*,
fighting
Fend, to live comfortably
Feide, feud, enmity
Feat, neat, spruce
Fear't, frightened
Fearfu', frightful
Fetch, to pull by fits

Fetch't, pulled intermit-
tently

Feg, a fig

Feckfu', large, brany, stout

Feckless, puny, weak, silly

Fell, keen, biting : the flesh
immediately under the
skin ; a field pretty level
on the side or top of a
hill

Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*

Fizz, to make a hissing
noise like fermentation

Fit, a foot

Fittie-lan', the near horse of
the hindmost pair in the
plough

Fier, found, healthy ; a bro-
ther, a friend

Fidge, to fidget

Fidgin, fidgeting

Fisle, to make a rustling
noise, to fidget ; a bustle

Flatterin', flattering

Fleg, a kick, a random
blow

Flunkie, a servant in livery

Fley, to scare, to frighten

Fley'd, frightened, scared

Flyin, flying

Fleesh, a fleece

Flingin-tree, a piece of tim-
ber hung by way of par-
tition between two horses
in a stable, a flail

Fliisk, to fret at the yoke

Fliiskit, fretted

Flichter,

- Flichter, to flutter *as young nestlings when their dam approaches*
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Flinders, sherds, broken pieces
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Flainen, flannel
 Flether, to decoy by fair words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
 Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
 Forgether, to meet, to encounter with
 Fou', full, drunk
 Foughten, troubled, harassed
 Formin, forming
 Forbye, besides
 Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded
 Foord, a ford
 Forbears, forefathers
 Foamin, foaming
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Forgie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
 Frae, from
 Freath, froth
 Frien', friend
 Fu', full
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, bench
 Fud, the scut of the hare, coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied
 Fyften, fifteen
 Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fust about trifles

G

- G** AB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse
 Gashin, conversing
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gae, to go, *gaed*, went, *gaen* or *gane*, gone, *gaun*, going
 Gaet or gate, way, manner, road
 Gatheri, gathering
 Gar, to make, to force to
 Gar't, forced to
 Garten, a garter
 Geordie, a guinea

Gear,

Gear, riches, goods of any kind

Gentles, great folks

Get, a child, a young one

Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn

Ged, a pike

Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave, *Gi'en*, given

Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old

Gin, if, against

Gizz, a periwig

Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.

Girning, grinning,

Gipse, a young girl

Gillie, *dimin.* of gill

Giftie, *dimin.* of gift

Ghaist, a ghost

Gloamin, the twilight

Glunch, a frown; to frown

Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily

Glint, to peep; *Glinted*, peeped; *Glinton*, peeping

Glowr, to stare, to look; a stare, a look

Glowr'd, looked, stared

Glowring, staring

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish

Gleg, sharp, ready

Glaizie, glittering, smooth, like a glass

Gley, a squint; to squint,

Agley, off at a side, wrong

Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.

Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt

Gowl, to howl

Gowling, howling

Gowd, gold

Gowff, the game of golf; to strike *as the bat does the ball at golf*

Gowff'd, struck

Grane or grain, a groan; to groan

Grain'd, groaned

Graining, groaning

Grushie, thick, of thriving growth

Great, intimate, familiar

Grievin, grieving

Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress

Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise

Gracefu', graceful

Greet, to shed tears, to weep

Greetin, crying, weeping

Gree't, agreed

Grannie, a grandmother

Gracefu', graceful

Grape, to grope, *grapit*, groped

Grippet, caught, seized

Graip,

Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables

Grumphie, a sow

Grumph, a grunt; to grunt

Grousome, loathsome, grim

Grunstone, a grindstone

Grozet, a gooseberry

Grisle, gristle

Greatfu', grateful

Gree, to agree, to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor

Grun', ground

Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game

GUDE, the SUPREME BEING; good

Gusty, tasteful

Gully or gullie, a large knife

Guid, good; *Guid mornin*, good morrow; *Guid een*, good evening

Guidman and *Guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *Young Guidman*, a man newly married

Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law

Gumlie, muddy

H

HA', hall

Hae, to have

Hean, had, *the participle*

Hame, home, *Homeward*, homeward

Hamely, homely, affable

Han' or haun', hand

Haith, a petty oath

Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing

Haughs, low-lying, rich lands, valleys

Hash, a sot,

Haud, to hold

Hale, whole, tight, healthy

Hap-step an-lowp, hop, skip and leap

Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap

Happing, hopping

Haffins, nearly half, partly

Hain, to spare, to save, *bain'd*, spared

Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*

Hal' or hald, an abiding place

Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense

Harkit, harkened

Happer, a hopper

Hag, a scar or gulf in mores and moors

Haverel,

Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted

Hairst, harvest

Hauri, to drag, to peel

Haurlin, peeling

Hastit, hastened

Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage

Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall

Haffet, the temple, the side of the head

Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep

Hech! Oh! strange

Hearse, hoarse

Het, hot

Hersel, herself

Herrin, a herring

Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder birds nests*

Herryment, plundering, devastation

Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit

Heeze, to elevate, to raise

Heather, heath

Hecht, to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold

Heapit, heaped

Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks

Healsome, healthful, wholesome

Hear't, hear it

Helim, the rudder or helm

Himfel, himself

Hizzie, huffy, a young girl

Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep; *Hirplin*, creeping

Hing, to hang

Hitch, a loop, a knot

Hilch, to hobble, to halt

Hilchin, halting

Histie, dry, chapt, barren

Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend

Howk, to dig; *Howkit*, digged, *Howkin*, digging

Howdie, a midwife

Hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cart horse

Hornie, one of the many names of the devil

Houghmagandie, fornication

Howe, hollow; a hollow, or dell

Howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse*, &c.

Hove, to heave, swell

Hov'd, heaved, swelled

Hoyse, a pull upwards

Hoord, a hoard; to hoard

Hoordet, hoarded

Hoolie, slowly, leisurely;

Hoolie! take leisure! stop!

Host, or host, to cough;

Hostin, coughing

Hog-

Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink

Hoy, to urge; *Hoy't*, urged

Hool, outer skin or case

Hoyte, to amble crazily

Housie, *dimin.* of house

Horn, a spoon made of horn

Hog-shouter, a kind of horse play by jussling with the shoulder; to jussle

Hurdies, the loins, the crupper

Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I

I', In

I'er-oe, a great grand-child

Icker, an ear of corn

Ilk or ilka, each, every

Ill-willie, ill natured, malicious, niggardly

Indentin, indenting

Ingle, fire, fire place

Ingine, genius, ingenuity

I'se, I shall or will

Ither, other, one another

J

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl

Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water

Jauk, to dally, to trifle

Jaukin, trifling, dallying

Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk *as water*

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner

Jinkin, dodging

Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag

Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl

Jirt, a jerk

Jinglin, jingling

Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head

Jocleeg, a kind of knife

Jokin, joking

Joyfu', joyful

Jundie, to jussle

Jumpit,

Jumpit, did jump
Jumpin, jumping

K

K AE, a daw
Kain, fowls, &c. paid
as rent by a farmer
Kail, colewort, a kind of
broth
Kail-runt, the stem of the
colewort
Kebuck, a cheese
Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*,
knew
Kennin, a small matter
Keek, a peep; to peep
Keepit, kept
Kelpies, a sort of mischie-
vous spirits, said to haunt
fords and ferries at night,
especially in storms
Ket, a matted, hairy fleece
of wool
Kin', kind
Kilt, to truss up the clothes
Kirn, the harvest supper, a
churn; to churn
Kitchen, any thing that eats
with bread; to serve for
soup, gravy, &c.
Kittle, to tickle; ticklish,
likely
Kittlin, a young cat

King's-hood, a certain part
of the entrails of an ox,
&c.

Kin, kindred
Kiuttle, to cuddle
Kiutlin, cuddling
Kiaugh, carking anxiety
Kirsen, to christen
Kimmer, a young girl, a
gossip
Kist, chest, a shop counter
Knaggie, like *knags* or
points of rocks
Knappin-hammer, a ham-
mer for breaking stones
Knowe, a small round hil-
lock
Kye, cows
Kythe, to discover, to show
one's self
KYLE, a district of Ayr-
shire
Kyte, the belly

L

L AN, land, estate
Lang, long, *to think*
lang, to long, to weary
Lap, did leap,
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
Laverock, the lark
Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
Laughin, laughing
Lawfu',

- Lawfu' lawful
 Lapfu', lapful
 Laigh, low
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane,*
 &c. myself alone, &c.
 thyself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lawlan, Lowland; *Lallans,*
 Scottish dialect
 Laggen, the angle between
 the side and bottom of a
 wooden dish
 Lave, the rest, the remain-
 der, the others
 Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish,
 Lairing, wading, and sink-
 ing in snow, mud, &c.
 Laddie, *dimin.* of lad
 Lee-lang, live long
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
 ing
 Lea'e, to leave
 Leister, a three pronged
 dart for striking fish
 Leugh, did laugh
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
 at
 Limmer, a kept mistress; a
 strumpet
 Livin, living
- Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Limp't, limp'd, hobbeled
 Linn, a water-fall
 Lint, flax, *lint i' the bell,*
 flax in floor
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to
 sing
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Lowe, a flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Lowf'd, loosed
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-
 fin, a woman of easy vir-
 tue
 Lowrie, *abbreviation of* Law-
 rence
 Lug, the ear, a handle
 Lugget, having a handle
 Luggie, a small wooden dish
 with a handle
 Lunt, a column of smoke;
 to smoke
 Lution, smoking
 Lunch, a large piece of
 cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lum, the chimney
 Lyart, of a mixed colour,
 grey

M

MAE, more
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly
Maun, must
Mair, more
Mak, to make; *makin*, making
Mashlum, messin, mixed corn
Manteele, a mantle
Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing
Maukin, a hare
Mallie, Molly
Mar's year, the Rebellion A. D. 1715
Mark, marks, *this and several other nouns, which, in English, require an s to form the plural, are in Scots like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers*
Mask, to mash, as *malt*, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot
'Mang, among
Mavis, the thrush
Mell, to meddle
Men', to amend
Messin, a small dog
Melvie, to soil with meal
Menfe, good manners, decorum

Menfeless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
Melancholious, mournful
Meere, a mare
Mither, a mother
Mixte-maxtie, confusedly mixed
Mim, prim, affectedly, meek
Mindfu', mindful
Mishear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
Misca', to abuse, to call names
Misca'd, abused
Min', mind, remembrance
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending
Middin, a dunghill
Middin-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill
Minnie, mother, dam
Misteuk, mistook
Morn, the next day, to-morrow
Moudiwort, a mole
Mony, or monie, many
Moistify, to moisten
Mournfu', mournful
Moep, to nibble as a sheep
Mottie, full of motes
Mou, the mouth
Moufie, *dimin.* of mouse

Moorlan, of or belonging
to moors

Muckle or mickle, great,
big, much

Mutchkin, an English pint

Muslin-kail, broth composed
simply of water, shelled
barley and greens

Musie, *dimin.* of muse

Myself, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor

Nae, no, not, any

Nane, none

Naething, or naithing, no-
thing

Naig, a horse

Neebor, a neighbour

Needfu', needful

Negleckit, neglected

Neuk, nook

Niest, next

Nieve, the fist

Nievefu', handful

Niger, a negroe

Nine-tailed cat, a hang-
man's whip

Niffer, an exchange; to ex-
change, to barter

Nit, a nut

Nowte, black cattle

Norland, of or belonging to
the North

Notic't, noticed

Nor-west, North-west

O

O', of

Observin, observing

Ony, or onie, any

Or, *is often used for* ere, be-
fore

O't, of it

Ourie, shivering, drooping

Ourfel, or ourfels, ourselves

Outler, not housed

Owre, over, too,

Owre-hip, a way of fetch-
ing a blow with a ham-
mer over the arm

P

PACK, intimate, fami-
liar; twelve stones of
wool

Painch, paunch

Parritch, oatmeal pudding,
a well known Scotch dish

Pang, to cram

Paukie, cunning, fly

Paughty, proud, haughty

Patricks, a partridge

Pat,

Pat, did put ; a pot
 Pay't, paid, beat
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-
 staff
 Pech, to fetch the breath
 short, *as in an asthma*
 Pechan, the crop, the sto-
 mach
 Pettie, to cherish ; a plough-
 staff
 Pet, a domesticated sheep,
 &c.
 Peelin, peeling
 Pensivelie, pensively
 Phraise, fair speeches, flat-
 tery ; to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pit, to put
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackless, pennylefs
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plew or pleugh, a plow
 Plumpit, did plump
 Placad, a public proclama-
 tion
 Poortith, poverty
 Powther or pouter, pow-
 der
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pouk, to pluck
 Pou, to pull
 Pou't, did pull
 Poussie, a hare or cat

Pownie, a little horse
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pout, a poult, a chicken
 Prayin, praying
 Pridefu', proud, saucy
 Provefes, provosts
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Priggin, cheapening
 Pryin, prying
 Prief, proof
 Prent, printing
 Propone, to lay down, to
 propose
 Primie, demure, precise
 Prie, to taste
 Prie'd, tasted
 Preen, a pin
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, *a pyle o' chaff*, a single
 grain of chaff

Q

QUAT, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year
 to two years old

R

RAM-feeze'd, fatigued,
 overspread
 Rantin, ranting

- Ramblin, rambling
 Rattlin, rattling
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless
 Raw, a row
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar; *rair't*, roar-
 ed; *rairing*, roaring
 Rax, to stretch
 Rash, a rush; *rasb bus*, a
 bush of rushes
 Ram-stam, forward, thought-
 less
 Rarely, excellent, very well
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort
 Ratton, a rat
 Raught, reached
 Raize, to madden, to in-
 flame
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled
 Ream, cream
 Reek, smoke; to smoke;
reekin, smoking; *reekit*,
 smoked, smoky
 Receivin, receiving
 Red-wud, stark mad
 Remead, remedy
 Remarkin, remarking
 Rest, to stand restive
 Restit, stood restive, stunt-
 ed, withered
 Requite, requitted
 Restricked, restricted
 Reck, to heed
 Rede, counsel, to counsel
 Refus't, refused
 Rin, to run, to melt; *runin*,
 running
 Ridin, riding
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed
 corn, &c.
 Rink, the course of the
 stones, *a term in curling*
 Riskit, made a noise like the
 tearing of roots
 Rig, a ridge
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rowth, plenty
 Roupet, hoarse *as with a*
cold
 Row, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood *stands likewise for the*
plural roods
 Roun', round, in the circle
 of neighbourhood
 Roofe, to praise, to com-
 mend
 Rozet, rosin
 Roon, a shred
 Rung, a cudgel
 Runkl'd, wrinkled
 Runt, the stem of colewort
 or cabbage
 Rustlin, rustling
 Rhymen, rhyming

S

SAE, so
 Sang, a song
 Sair, to serve, a fore
 Sairly or fairlie, forely
 Sair't, served
 Saul, foul
 Saunt, a faint
 Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Saft, soft
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, fix
 Saut, salt; *saute*d, salted
 Saumont, falmon
 Saugh, the willow
 Scone, a kind of bread
 Scribe, to glide swiftly a-
 long
 Serievin, gleesomely, swift-
 ly
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear; a rent
 Scar, to scare
 Scauld, to scold; *scauld*ing,
 scolding
 Scawl, a scold
 Scaud, to scald
 Scaur, apt to be scared
 Scornfu', scornful
 Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*,
 did scant, scanty

Sconner, a lothing; to lothe
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen*,
partridge, &c.
 Scaichin, screaming
 Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's
 self alone
 Sets, *sets off*, goes away
 See'd, did see
 Settlin, settling; *to get a*
settlin, to be frightened in-
 to quietness
 Sell't, did sell
 Seizin, seizing
 Servan', servant
 Sen', to send; *sen't* send it
 Shaw, to show; a small
 wood in a hollow place
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Shootin, shooting
 Shouther, the shoulder
 Shoon, shoes
 Sheep thank, *to think one's*
self nae sheep shank, to be
 conceited
 Shore, to offer, to threaten
 Shor'd, offered
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end for putting the tail
 of a dog, &c. into, by
 way of mischief, or to
 frighten him away
 Shaver, a humourous wag,
 a barber
 Shog, a shock
 Sheen, bright, shining
 Sherra-

- Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor,
the famous battle fought in
the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
 Shool, a shovel
 Shaird, a shred, a shard
 Shill, shrill
 Sic, such
 Simmer, summer
 Siller, silver, money
 Sittin, sitting
 Sin', since
 Sin, a son
 Sicker, sure, steady
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sidelins, fidelong, flanting
 Sinkin, sinking
 Skreigh, a scream; to
 scream
 Skaith, to damage, to in-
 jure, injury
 Sklent, flant; to run afloat,
 to deviate from truth
 Sklented, ran or hit in an
 oblique direction
 Sklentin, flanting
 Skelpi-limmer, a technical
 term in female scolding
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-
 mettled
 Skirl, to skriek, to cry shril-
 ly
 Skirl't, shrieked
 Skirling, shrieked
 Skirkling, shrieking, crying
- Skelp, to strike, to slap; to
 walk with a smart trip-
 ping step; a smart stroke
 Skelpin, stappin, walking
 smartly
 Slaw, slow
 Slae, sloe
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a
 fence
 Slade, did slide
 Slee, fly; *sleeft*, flyest
 Slype, to fall over, *as a wet*
furrow from the plough
 Slypet, fell
 Sleekit, sleek
 Sliddery, slippery
 Sma', small
 Smiddy, smithy
 Smytrie, a numerous collec-
 tion of small individuals
 Smoor, to smother; *smoor'd*,
 smothered
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene,
 ugly
 Smeddum, dust, powder;
 mettle, sense
 Snaw, snow; to snow
 Snawie, snowie
 Snaw-broo, melted snow
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
 Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin-*
mill, snuff-box
 Snowk, to scent or snuff, *as*
a dog, horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed
 Snick,

- Snick, drawing, trick-con-
 triving
 Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly, to sneak
 Snoov't, went smoothly
 Snell, bitter, biting
 Sned, to lop, to cut off
 Snool, one whose spirit is
 broken with oppressive
 slavery; to submit tame-
 ly, to sneak
 Sonfie, having sweet, enga-
 ging looks; lucky, jolly
 Sowther, folder; to folder,
 to cement
 Souple, flexible, swift
 Soom, to swim
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small
 quantity of any thing li-
 quid
 Sobbin, sobbing
 Sowth, to try over a tune
 with a low whistle
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Souter, a shoemaker
 Spaul, a limb
 Speakin, speaking
 Spier, to ask, to enquire
 Spier't, enquired
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery;
 will-o' wisp, or *ignis fatu-*
us
 Sportin, sporting
- Spak, did speak
 Springin, springing
 Speel, climb
 Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch
 Speat, a sweeping torrent
 after rain or thaw
 Spairge, to dash, to foil *as*
with mire
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant
 something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a
 noise
 Slpatter, a splutter; to sput-
 ter
 Spring, a quick air in mu-
 sic, a Scottish reel
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squeel, a scream, a screech;
 to scream
 Squatter, to flutter in water
as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Stents,

- Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
 Steek, to shut ; a stitch
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Startle, to run *as cattle stung by the gadfly*
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Sturt, trouble ; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stell, a still
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle
 Straik, to stroke ; *straikit*, stroked
 Stampin, stamping
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stap, stop
 Strae, straw ; *to die a fair-srae death*, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch ; *streekit*, stretched
 Staumrel, halfwitted
 Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
 Stot, an ox
 Stoor, founding hollow, strong and hoarse
 Straught, straight
- Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Starvin, starving
 Stringin, stringing
 Startin, starting
 Staw, did steal ; to surfeit
 Stown, stolen
 Stowlins, by stealth
 Stuff, corn, or pulse of any kind
 Stibble, stubble ; *stibble-rig*, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
 Strunt, spiritous liquor of any kind ; to walk sturdily
 Staggie, *dimin.* of stag
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stark, stout
 Stey, steep ; *steyest*, steepest
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stimpert, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
 Strappan, tall and handsome
 Strewin, strewing
 Stilt, a crutch ; to halt, to limp
 Stockin, stocking
 Stampie, *dimin.* of stump
 Striddle, to straddle

Stick an' flow, totally, altogether

Sucker, sugar

Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water

Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation

Sud, should

Swap, an exchange ; to barter

Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots

Swither, to hesitate in choice ; an irresolute wavering in choice

Swank, stately, jolly

Swankie or fwanker, a tight strapping young fellow or girl

Swatch, a sample

Swith ! get away

Swinge, to beat, to whip

Swingein, beaten, whipping

Swaird, fward

Swat, did sweat

Swervin, swerving

Swoor, swore, did swear

Swall'd, swelled

Sweer, lazy, averse ; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse

Sweaten, sweating
Syne, since ago, then

T

TAE, a toe ; *three tae'd*, having three prongs

Tauted, or tautie, matted together, *spoken of hair or wool*

Tak, to take ; *takin*, taking

Tangle, a sea weed

Tauld, or tald, told

Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance

Tarrow't, murmured

Talkin, talking

Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, *spoken of a horse, cow, &c.*

Tap, the top

Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person

Tapetless, heedless, foolish

Tarry-breeks, a sailor

Tent, a field pulpit, head, caution ; to take heed

Tentie, heedful, cautious

Tentless, heedless

Teugh, tough ; *teughly* toughly

Teat, a small quantity

Tearfu', tearful

Ten

- Ten hours bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in the
 yoke in the forenoon
 Thack, thatch ; *thack an'*
rape, clothing, necessaries
 Thrang, throng, a crowd
 Thegither, together
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thae, these
 Thristle, thistle
 Throuther, pell-mell, con-
 fusedly
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited,
spoken of a person's de-
meanour.
 Thowe, a thaw ; to thaw
 Thankit, thanked
 Through, to go on with, to
 make out
 Threlhin, thrashing
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
 strings
 Themsel, themselves
 Thyfel, thyself
 Thud, to make a loud, in-
 termittent, noise
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist,
 to contradict
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
 contradicted
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thankfu' thankful
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thowless, slack, lazy
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of assertion
 Thir, these
 Tither, the other
 Timmer, timber ; *timber-*
propt, propped with tim-
 ber
 Till't, to it
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tine, to lose ; *tint*, lost
 Tippence, two pence
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,
 to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering,
 Tip, a ram
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toom, empty
 Tout, the blast of a horn or
 trumpet ; to blow a horn,
 &c.
 Tow, a rop
 Toddle, to totter like the
 walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Tod, a fox
 Toop, a ram
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-
 house
 Tocher, marriage-portion
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Towmond,

Towmond, a twelvemonth
Toy, a very old fashion of
female head dress

Trashtrie, trash

Trowth, truth, a petty oath

Tryin, trying

Trow, to believe

Transmugrify'd, transmi-
grated, metamorphosed

Trig, spruce, neat

Trimly, excellently

Trottin, trotting

Trickie, full of tricks

Try't, tryed

Tunefu', tuneful

Tug, raw hide, *of which, in
old times, plough traces
were frequently made*

Tulzie, a quarrel; to quar-
rel, to fight

Twa, two

Twa-three, a few

Twal, twelve; *Twalpennie-
worth*, a small quantity,
a penny-worth

Twin, to part

'Twad, it would

Tyke, a dog

U

UNCOS, news
Unco, strange, uncouth,
very, very great, pro-
digious

Undoin, undoing

Unskaith'd, undamaged, un-
hurt

Uncaring, disregarding

Unkenn'd, unknown

Upo', upon

V

VAP'RIN, vapouring

Vera, very

Vir'l, a ring round a column,
&c.

W

WA', wall; *Wa's,*
walls

Wae, woe; sorrowful

Wad, would; to bet; a bet,
a pledge

Wadna, would not

Wastrie, prodigality

Warl, or warld, world

Warly, worldly, eager on
amassing wealth

Wark, work

Wark-lume, a tool to work
with

Warst, worst

Wale, choice; to chuse

Wal'd, chose, chosen

Wame, the belly; *wamefou'*
a bellyfull

Warran,

Warran, a warrant ; to war-
rant

Wabster, a weaver,

Waukin, to awake

Waefucks ! or waes me !
alas ! O the pity

Waur, worse ; to worst

Waur't worsted

Warlock, a wizzard

Warstl'd or warst'd, wrestled

Wanereftfu', restless

Wat, wet ; *I wat*, I wot, I
know

Wanchancie, unlucky

Water-brose, *brose* made of
meal and water simply,
without the additions of
milk, butter, &c.

Waukit, thickened, *as ful-
lers do cloth*

Wauble, to swing, to reel

Wattle, a twig, a wand

Wair to lay out, to expend

Walie, ample, large, jolly ;
also an interjection of dis-
tress

Wast, the woof

Waifu', wailing

Wee, little ; *wee things*,
little ones ; *wee bit*, a small
matter

Weel, well ; *weelfare*, well-
fare

Wean or weanie, a child

Weason, weasand

We'se, we shall

Wearie, or weary ; *monie a
wearie body*, many a dif-
ferent person

Weet, rain, witness

Wha, who

Whafe, whose

Whare, where ; *whare'er*,
wherever

Whyles, whiles, sometimes

Whistle, a whistle, to whistle

Whang, a leathern string, a
piece of cheese, bread, &c.
to give the strappado

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
jerk ; *penny wheep*, small
beer

Whun-stane, a whin-stone

Whirlygigums, useless orna-
ments, trifling appendages

Whigmeleeries, whims, fan-
cies, crotchets

Whisht ! silence ! *to hold
one's whisht*, to be silent

Whaizle, to wheeze

Whisk, to sweep, to lash

Whiskit, lashed

Whid, the motion of a hare
runnigg but not frightened,
a lie

Whiddin, running as a hare
or coney

Whitter, a hearty draught
of liquor

Whatreck, nevertheless

Whalpit, whelped

Wi', with

Wi',

Win', wind ; *win's*, winds
 Wimple, to meander
 Wimpl't, meandered
 Wimplin, waving, mean-
 dering

Winna, will not
 Winnock, a window
 Winkin, winking
 Wick, to strike a stone in
 an oblique direction, *a*
term in curling

Withoutten, without
 Win, to wind, to winnow
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom*
of yarn

Wintle, a staggering mo-
 tion ; to stagger, to reel

Winze, an oath
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wife, *a diminutive or en-
 dearing term for wife*

Wizen'd, hide bound, dry-
 ed, shrunk

Wifs, to wish
 Winsome, gay, hearty,
 vaunted

Waeful, woeful
 Wonner, a wonder, a con-
 temptuous appellation

Wonderfu', wonderful, won-
 derfully

Woo', wool

Woer-bab, the garter knot-
 ted below the knee with
 a couple of loops

Worset, worsted

Wordy, worthy

Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wrang, wrong ; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of
 snow

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost ;
 an apparition exactly like
 a living person, whose ap-
 pearance is said to forbode
 the person's approaching
 death

Wud mad, distracted

Wumble, a wimble

Wyte, blame ; to blame

Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Y

YEAR, *is used for both*
sing. and plur. years

Yell, barren, that gives no
 milk

Yerk, to lash, to jerk

Yerkit, jerked, lashed

Yestreen, yesternight

Yealings, born in the same
 year, coevals

Ye, this pronoun is frequent-
 ly used for *Thou*

Yill, ale

Yird, earth

Yoursel, yourself

Yont, beyond

Youthfu', youthful

Yokin, yoking, a bout

Yowe, a ewe

Yowie, *dimin. of yowe*

Yule, Christmas

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